

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

vanish

jupiterscent

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Holding Hands, M/M, Rain, Soft Boys, after the events of pennywise, okay look its 1 am and I dont know how to tag things

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Characters: Bill Denbrough, Georgie Denbrough (mentioned), Stanley Uris

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Summary:

Stan sat in the rain outside of Bill's house, exhausted. After the events of Pennywise, he was tired, emotionally and physically, and needed a break from everything. Apparently, according to where his legs took him, that break was in front of Bill Denbroughs house.

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Author's Note:

OOF OUCH I haven't written a fan fiction in forever and its like 1 am so please excuse me if its shitty im gonna try and write more?? idk man school is gonna start up again but who knows
Also for some sweet tunes to go along w this fic follow my Spotify, jupitersins

Stan sat in the rain, his clothes dripping from the droplets that came from the clouds. He knew that he'd regret sitting in the rain and getting his clothes wet, as it would result in an argument with his parents, or them stressing over if he had a cold or what he was doing out in the rain in the first place. Stan knew at least one of those things was going to happen, but at the moment, he didn't care.

After all the shit that had happened, with Pennywise and The Losers club, he was tired. Exhausted, not just physically, but emotionally. He needed a rest from everything. From his friends, his parents, and *especially* that creepy ass painting in his house. Sitting in the rain, out on the street in front of Bill's house wasn't *exactly* the rest he had in mind, but it helped, for some reason.

Stan sniffed, finally feeling the cold shiver up his body from the rain. Part of him really wanted to leave, run to the safety of his home, get changed out of his drenched clothing, but he couldn't. Somehow, his legs just refused to get up from the side of the road. He just sat there in the cold, his legs hugged up against his chest.

He wasn't exactly sure of the time, estimating it to be around maybe 10 to 11 PM, so he didn't think Bill would be coming out anytime soon. Although he knew Bill would've been traumatised, and that would've given him trouble sleeping, he knew that Bill couldn't stay up past 9 PM. Past sleepovers have taught him to not keep up Bill Denbrough past that time, or else he'd get a handful in the morning.

So, when Stan heard the door to the Denbroughs house opening, he

was half terrified and half confused. A small part of his brain thought it was that that *motherfucking* clown, and that part scared him to death. But as he heard the wet footsteps come closer, he tensed, wishing for the best, or whatever that was.

The figure sat next to him, and as he looked over, he was slightly surprised to see his friend sitting next to him. Bill's hair wasn't drenched yet, because he literally just came outside, but it was still sticking to his head slightly. Droplets of water were dripping from his nose and eyelashes, and for some reason he looked slightly attractive?

Stan shook that thought from his head, as he began to speak to Bill, "What are you doing out here Bill? Shouldn't you be sleeping."

"I-I-I saw you o-out my window," he smiled softly, sniffing, "a-and I th-thought that you-you'd be lonely, s-s-so I came o-out."

Stan laughed softly, smiling at his friend, "isn't that sweet Bill. Next time bring me chocolates and it'll be a date."

Bill laughed, the corners of his eyes crinkling, "Well, I-if you want, y-y-you can co-come inside."

"Yeah, that'd be really nice, thanks Bill."

Bill stood up, putting his hand out for Stan to grab onto, and Stan did exactly that. Stan expected Bill to let go of his hand as he stood up, but Bill kept a tight grip on his hand, which surprised Stan slightly. Bill's hand was warm, which was unexpected, due to the cold weather and rain. But it was a pleasant surprise, going along with Bill holding his hand in general.

They walked into his house, and then up into his room, and Bill let go of Stan's hand to rummage through his closet for dry clothes for Stan to wear. Stan was mildly upset over the loss of contact when Bill let go of his hand, but soon got over it. He moved over to Bill's bed and sat down as he waited for Bill to pick out some clothes for him.

Eventually, Bill picked out some clothes for Stan and came to sit next to him, handing him the clothes as Stan thanked him. Stan quickly

went to the bathroom to get changed, leaving his wet clothes on the ground. Stan knew this house almost as well as his own, as it was almost like a second home to him. Whenever he was having troubles with his parents or just wasn't in the mood for anything, he'd come here, and they'd let him in with welcoming arms. After Georgie dying, Stan came over more for Bill rather than himself. Bill was his closest friends, and he felt so many things about this boy that he couldn't explain.

His family had provided a safe space for him, somewhere to go and just feel calm. Stan wanted to help provide a space like that to Bill. Somewhere to help him escape his worries, to keep his mind off Georgie and everything else that was bothering him.

Stan sighed as he finally finished changing, walking back to Bills room and sitting back next to him with a yawn. He smiled at his best friend, opening his mouth to speak before he got cut off.

"Y-you're gonna th-thank me, aren't yo-you? W-Well it's okay, it-it's the least I could do af-after all the ti-times you came and comforted m-me after G-G-Georgie."

Stan smiled fondly, nodding his head, "It still doesn't hurt to be sorry. You're my best friend, Bill, and after all this shit that's happened and everything we've gone through together, I feel like our friendship has grown."

Bill nodded softly, in understanding, before lying down and grabbing Stan's hand, causing him to lie down next to him. They just lay on the best, the only sound audible being their breathing and the sound of the rain outside. Eventually, Stan heard Bill snoring softly, signalling that his friend had fallen asleep.

Stan smiled, again, and turned to look at his best friend.

They really had been through so much together. In the last months, and even years. He was so glad to have such a wonderful friend by his side the entire time. He was so glad he had such an amazing friend in general, someone who just looked out for him and cared about him. He was just so glad Bill was there with him, every second of the day.

He finally, really understood. Sometimes, Stan would bottle emotions up. Due to fear or anxieties, or other unnamed emotions. But he finally knew what he felt for Bill and wasn't scared or upset to admit it. It could be considered wrong, or disgusting, but he couldn't care less when he was lying next to his best friend, watching him peacefully sleep.

He knew what he felt, and it was definitely not platonic.

Stanley Uris loved Bill.